

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE of MUSIC

ENDOWED by MARY LOUISE CURTIS BOK



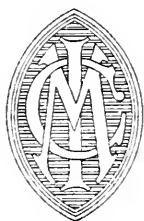
Recital Programmes

1924-1925

Office of the
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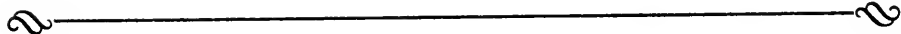
THE CURTIS INSTITUTE of MUSIC

ENDOWED by MARY LOUISE CURTIS BOK



Recital Programmes

1924 - 1925



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE *of* MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

FIRST RECITAL

in a series by

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

FOYER OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Thursday Evening, February 12, 1925, at 8.15 o'clock

MADAME CHARLES CAHIER, *Contralto*

Frank Bibb at the Piano

Program

1. SCHUBERT

- (a) An die Musik
- (b) Die Forelle
- (c) Der Tod und das Mädchen
- (d) Der Jüngling an der Quelle
- (e) Erlkönig

2. BRAHMS

- (a) Vor dem Fenster
- (b) Sandmännchen

STRAUSS

- (c) Ruhe, meine Seele
- (d) Schlechtes Wetter

3. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

- (a) "Viens, regarde ton jardin"

Chanson of the 13th century,
arranged by ALFREDO
CASELLA

- (b) Flaiiolet

AUGUSTA HOLMÈS

- (c) Thrínodia

CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO

- (d) "Ninna Nanna"

TOSTI

- (e) Les Filles de Cadix

4. FOLKSONGS:

Traditional Melody of the
Pyrenées
Finnish
Italian
Irish
Scotch

- (a) Rose de Provence
- (b) "Tuku, tuku lampaitani"
- (c) Girometta
- (d) Lullaby
- (e) "Within a Mile of Edinborough Town"
- (f) "Charley is my Darling"

The Piano is a Steinway

Local Direction: Concert Management Arthur Judson

I. (a) AN DIE MUSIK

Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen
Stunden,
wo mich des lebens wilde Kreis um-
strickt,
hast du mein Herz zu warme Lieb ent-
zunden,
hast mich in eine bess're Welt entrückt.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf ent-
flossen,
ein süßer heiliger Akkord von dir,
den Himmel bess're Zeiten mir ent-
schlossen,
du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.

—(Schober).

I. (b) DIE FORELLE

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.

Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh'
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.

So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang,
Er macht' das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh' ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt d'ran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrog'ne an.

I. (c) DER TOD UND DAS MAEDCHEN

Das Mädchen:

Vorüber, ach vorüber,
Geh' wilder knochen Mann,
Ich bin noch jung,
Geh' lieber! und rühre mich nicht an.

Der Tod:

Gieb deine Hand,
Du schön und zart Gebild!
Bin Freund, und komme nicht zu
strafen.
Sei gutes Muths! ich bin nicht wild,
Sollst sanft in meinen Armen schlafen!

I. (a) TO MUSIC

O lovely Art! my joy and inspiration,
Whose wondrous power drives all our
cares away;
Thou hast my heart thro' all my life's
duration,
The world rejoices in thy magic sway.

Oft has a sigh from out thy heart's harp
flowing,
A sweet and holy chord, my heart to
cheer,
Has opened heaven's bright vistas to my
knowing:
To thee, my thanks, O Art so dear!

I. (b) THE TROUT

Deep in a brook, swift flowing;
Within the sun's bright ray
The playful trout were darting
In light and flashing play.

I stood upon the crossing
And saw, with pleased smile,
How happily the swimmers,
Away the hours did while.

Upon the bank, in shadow,
There stood a fisher bold,
And saw his little victims
With evil eye and cold.

I thought: in such clear water,
Safe are the little fish;
They can well see the danger,
And foil the man's base wish.

At last, no longer patient,
Alas! the heartless man,
He marred the clear, cool water:
A moment, oh! and then
There hung the little fellow,
In agony and pain.
And I, sad and downhearted,
Went on my way again.

Translation

Pass onward, oh! pass onward,
Wild man with skinless bone,
I'm but a girl, away then,
And leave the young alone.

Give me thy hand,
My fair and tender child,
As friend I come, and not to chasten,
Be of good cheer! I am not wild.

I. (d) DER JÜNGLING AN DER QUELLE

Leise rieselnder Quell!
Ihr wallenden, flüsternden Pappeln,
Euer Schlummergeräusch
Wecket die Liebe nur auf.
Linderung sucht' ich bei euch,
Um sie zu vergessen, die Spröde—
Ach, und Blätter und Bach
Seufzen, Luise, dir nach!

Translation
Softly, purling stream,
Ye waving, whispering poplars,
Your slumbering sounds,
Only awaken my love.
Seeking comfort from you,
I've sought to forget her—the proud
one.
Ah! and the leaves and the stream,
Echo Louise, thy dear name.

I. (e) ERLKÖNIG

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und
Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein
Gesicht?”

“Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und
Schweif?”

“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif!”

“Du liebes Kind, komm' geh mit mir,
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.”

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du
nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?”
“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.”

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen
Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich
ein.”

“Mein Vater, mein Vater und siehst du
nicht dort,
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?”
“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es
genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.”

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne
Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich
Gewalt.”

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er
mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leid's getan!”

I. (e) THE ERL-KING

Translation
Who rideth so late through night and
wind?
It is the father with his child;
He has the boy so safe in his arm.
He holds him tightly, he holds him warm.

My son, in terror, why hidest thy face?
Oh, father, see, the Erl-King is nigh!

The Erl-King dreaded, with crown and
robe,

My son, 'tis but a streak of mist.

“My dearest child, come, go with me!
Such merry plays I'll play with thee,
For many gay flowers are blooming
there,
And my mother has many golden robes
for thee.”

My father, my father, and hearest thou
not,
What the Erl-King whispers so soft in
my ears?

Be quiet, oh, be quiet, my child:
'Tis but the dead leaves stirred by the
wind.

“Come, lovely boy, wilt thou go with
me?

My daughter fair shall wait on thee,
There my daughters lead in the revels
each night,

They'll sing and they'll dance and they'll
rock thee to sleep.”

My father, my father, and seest thou
not
The Erl-King's daughters in yon dim
spot?

My son, my son, I see, and I know
'Twas only the olden willow so gray.

“I love thee so, thy beauty has ravished
my sense;
And willing or not, I will carry thee
hence.”

My father, my father, now grasps he my
arm,
The Erl-King has seized me, has done
me harm!

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not—
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

II. (a) VOR DEM FENSTER

Soll sich der Mond nicht heller scheinen,
soll sich die Sonn' nicht früh' aufgeh'n,
so will ich diese Nacht geh'n freien,
wie ich zuvor auch hab' getan.

Als er wohl auf die Gasse trat,
da fing er an ein Lied und sang,
er sang aus schöner, aus heller Stimme,
dass sein fein's Lieb zum Bett aussprang.

Steh' still, steh' still, mein feines Lieb,
steh' still, steh' still und rühr' dich nicht,
sonst weckst du Vater, sonst weckst du
Mutter,
das ist uns beiden nicht wohlgetan.

Was frag' ich nach Vater, was frag' ich
nach Mutter,
vor deinem Schlaffenster muss ich steh'n,
ich will mein schönes Lieb anschauen,
um das ich muss so ferne geh'n.

Da standen die zwei wohl bei einander
mit ihren zarten Mündelein,
der Wächter blies wohl in sein Hörnelein.
Ade, es muss geschieden sein.

Ach Scheiden, Scheiden über Scheiden,
Scheiden tut meinem jungen Herzen
weh',
dass ich mein schön Herzlieb muss
meiden,
das vergess' ich nimmermehr.

—*Rheinisches Volkslied.*

II. (b) SAND- MÄNNCHEN

Die Blümelein sie schlafen,
schon längst in Mondenschein,
sie nikken mit den Köpfen
Auf ihren Stengelein.
Es rüttelt sich der Blütenbaum,
er säuselt wie im Traum.
Schlafe, schlaf' du, mein Kindelein.

Sandmännchen kommt geschlichen
und guckt durchs Fensterlein,
ob irgend noch ein Liebchen
nicht mag zu Bette sein.
Und wo er nur ein Kindchen fand,
streut' er ihm in die Augen sand.
Schlafe, schlaf' du, mein Kindelein.
—(*Volkslied*).

The father shudders, he rides like the
wind.
He clasps to his bosom the pale, sobbing
child;
He reaches home with fear and dread;
Clasped in his arms the child was dead.

II. (a) BY THE WINDOW

"Should the moon not brighter shine,
Or the sun rise earlier than of yore,
Then I this night will go a-wooing,
As I have done so oft before—"

And as he walked the streets alone,
With voice so rich and sweet he sang,
That from her bed his true love heard
him,
And quickly to her feet she sprang!

O hush, O hush, my own true love,
Be still, be still and make no sound,
Lest waken should both father and
mother
And we by them should here be found—

What care I for father, what care I for
mother?
Beneath thy window I will stay,
For I must see my own true love
'Ere far from her I go away!

So side by side they stood together,
The while he pressed her to his heart,
The watchman softly blew his horn;
"Farewell, my love, for we must part!"

"O parting, parting, O the sorrow!
Parting fills my heart with woe;
That from my true love I must sever,
I can bear it nevermore!"

II. (b) THE LITTLE SANDMAN

The little flowers are sleeping beneath
the pale moonshine;
Their tiny heads are nodding upon their
stalks so fine.
The rose-tree bends her dainty head and
shakes her petals red.
Slumber, slumber, oh, slumber, my little
child.

And now the sandman softly will through
the window peep
To see if any darling has not yet gone
to sleep.
For where a waking child he spies, he
throws sand in its eyes.
Slumber, slumber, oh, slumber, my little
child.

II. (c) "RUHE MEINE SEELE,"

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain.
Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe meine Seele, deine Stürme gingen
wild
Hast getobt und hast gezittert.
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie
schwillt!

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und Hirn in Not—
Ruhe meine Seele, und vergiss was dich
bedroht.

II. (d) SCHLECHTES WETTER

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,
es regnet und stürmt und schneit;
ich sitze am Fenster und schaue
hinaus in die Dunkelheit.

Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,
das wandelt langsam fort;
ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternen
wankt über die Strasse dort.

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier
und Butter kaufte sie ein:
sie will einen Kuchen backen
für's grosse Töchterlein.

Die liegt zu Hause im Lehnstuhl
und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;
die goldene Locken wallen
über das süsse Gesicht.

III. (a) "VIENS, REGARDE TON JARDIN"

Viens, regarde ton jardin.
La narcissé en fleur s'y penche.
Tout verdoi: on voit la branche d'une
vine entreindre un pin,
Viens, regarde ton jardin.
Le pommier fleuri profile son bouquet
d'argent léger.
Frétilant sur un rocher, l'eau serpent au
val tranquille.
Viens, regarde ton jardin.
Viens, ouvrir ton beau jardin.
Pour fleurir tes blanches roses,
Attendait, encore closes,
Un regard de tes doux yeux,
Ouvre ton jardin joyeux.

II. (c) "REST THEE, MY SPIRIT"

Not a breath of wind is stirring;
Hill and dale are wrapped in sleep;
Golden through the shelt'ring foliage
Summer midday sunbeams peep.

Rest thee, rest the troubled spirit.
Thou hast suffered, labored, toiled;
Thou hast fought, and thou hast
trembled,
Like the stormbeat ocean wild!

These times are momentous,
Head and heart must struggle sore!
Rest thee, rest thee, O my spirit
And forget, all thy suffering
Will soon be o'er.

II. (d) STORMY WEATHER

It is stormy outside—raining, blowing
and snowing. I sit at the window
and gaze out into the darkness.

I see the glimmer of a small light that
wanders slowly away—a little old
mother with a lantern hobbles across
the street.

I think she is buying butter, flour and
eggs to make a cake for her sick
daughter.

She lies at home, blinking sleepily at the
light. Her beautiful golden locks
bathe her sweet face.

III. (a) "COME AND SEE THY GARDEN FAIR"

Come and see thy garden fair—
The narcissus its flower is bending.
All is green: and see! a vine
Fast is twining 'round a pine—
Come and see thy garden fine!
Now the apple tree is flaunting
Its profile of silver flowers:
Showering 'gainst the rocks so grey,
Finds the stream his tranquil way.
Come and see your garden gay—
Come and ope thy garden fair—
That thy roses white may flower,
From thine eyes, in thy sweet bower,
Send to them a heavenly ray!
Come and ope thy garden gay!

III. (b) FLAIOLET

En Mai quand le rossignolet,
Chante clair au buissonnet,
Je taille en saule un flageolet,
Je fais de fleurs un chapelet.

Désir me vient d'amour chanter,
Chanter d'amour au bois seulet;
Pour me distraire et consoler,
D'un mal d'amour qu'il faut céler.

III. (c) THRÎNÔDIA

Versez les parfums,
tressez la couronne;
Séléné rayonne
au fond des cieux bruns.
Décorez ma tête
d'un long voile d'or;
qu'à chanter encore
ma Lyre soit prête!

Taillez mon bûcher
dans le cœur des chênes;
je porte les chaînes
du divin Archer!
Phoibos m'appelle
et me tend les bras!
Ne me pleurez pas,
je suis immortelle!

III. (d) "NINNA— NANNA"

Don, don, don. . . .
Agni bimba ha una campana,
dolce, strana, tutta per sè:
Suona a nottè: il cielo è bruno;
E nessuno sa dov'è. . . .

Don, don, don. . . .
Par che pianga, par che rida:
Sa e non sgrida, perdona e sa.
Dice solo quando snona:
"Sù piu buona" . . . E tace. e va.

Don, don, don. . . .
Vi volete confidare,
Voci care? In voi chi c'è?
Mamma, mamma, la campana
Dolce, strana, mi par te!

III. (e) LES FILLES DE CADIX

Nous venions de voir le taureau
trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse, il faisait beau,
et nous dansions un boléro
au son des castagnettes;
"Dites-moi, voisin,

III. (b) FLAIOLET

In springtime gay, when comes sweet
May,
When blossoms spread o'er field and
mead,
I bind a chaplet for my hair, and make
myself a flute of reed.

Alone I rove through lane and grove,
I long to sing a song of love,
To sing the love I must conceal
And thus my aching heart to heal.

III. (c) A THRENODY

Empty rich perfume,
Laurels green entwining;
Thro' the skies dark with gloom,
Selene is mildly shining.
My dark brows surrounding,
Let a veil be hung;
For sweet song's resounding
Let my lyre be strung.

Build my funeral pyre
Out of oak preparing.
Of the God of fire,
His bright chains I'm wearing.
Apollo at my portal,
His fair arms extends;
Since I am immortal,
Weep not, then, my friends!

III. (d) "NINNA— NANNA"

Don, don don. . . .
There's a chime for mother's dearie,
Mystic, cheery—all her own;
Nightly tolling—in the gloaming . . .
Wherefrom coming is this tone?

Don, don don. . . .
Sometime laughing, sometime sobbing,
Never scolding, forgiving still,
As a voice it seems to unfurl:
"Be a good girl!" and then holds still!

Don, don don. . . .
O confide in me, sweet pealing;
Soothing, healing, who are you?
For this chime, O Mother dearie,
Mystic, cheery, seems like you.

III. (e) THE GIRLS OF CADIX

O we were going to the fair,
Three youths and maidens three;
The fields were green, balmy the air,
The world was gay and free from care:
A dance we tripped with glee.

"Tell me, my friend, who loves me
well,

si j'ai bonne mine,
et si ma basquine
va bien ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?

Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela."

Et nous dansions un boléro
un soir, c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo
cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
et le poing sur la hanche:

"Si tu veux de moi,
brune au doux sourire,
tu n'as qu'à le dire
cet or est à toi."

"Passez votre chemin, beau sire,
Les filles de Cadix
n'entendent pas cela!"

—*Alfred de Musset.*

IV. (a) ROSE DE PROVENCE

C'est une fleur, fleur des prairies,
C'est une belle Rose de Provence.
Sa chevelure ressemble à la nuit,
Et ses beaux yeux semblent des Myosotis.

Quand du village, elle se promène,
C'est un plaisir de la voir marcher.
Sa jolie taille ronde et gracieuse,
Semble une vague souple et mystérieuse.

Oh sa voix douce, douce comme une
flûte,
Oh elle chante mieux qu'un sérin.
Fraîche comme une rose blanche comme
la neige.
Pure comme une Sainte est ma Rose de
Provence.

IV. (b) FINLANDSCH VOLKSLIED

(Hertenlied)

Tuku, tuku lampaitani,
Tuku, tuku lampaitani
kili kiliani
pākā pākā puskuri passiä,
pākā pākā passiani.
Aurinka tuolla laskehti
missahan kulta vypükii
kyllä me tavatan huomenna
toisemma surella aholla.

IV. (c) GIROMETTA

Chi t'ha fatto quelle scarpette,
che ti stan sì ben, Girometta?
che ti stan sì ben?

Me l'ha fatte lo mio Amore,
che mi vol gran ben.

If in my basque so sweet,
I'm looking at my best today,
And if my figure's neat?
The girls of Cadix like it well
When pretty things their sweethearts
tell."

One eve we danced a boléro.
With hand upon his hip,
There came to us a hidalgo,
In suit of gold and high chapeau
And smile upon his lip.

"If you would love me, maiden fair,
Brunette, with sweetest smile,
I'm not averse to your dark eyes
My gold will thee beguile."

"Pass on, Monsieur, you do not know,
The Cadix maiden is not so!"

IV. (a) ROSE DE PROVENCE

She is a flower—a flower of the prairies,
She is a lovely rose of Provence,
Her hair is like the night,
And her eyes like forget-me-nots.

When she walks in the village,
Her beauty is a pleasure,
Her figure, round and graceful,
Is like a wave, supple and mysterious.

Her voice has the sweetness of a flute,
And she sings like a bird.
Fresh as a rose, white as the snow,
Pure as a saint is my rose of Provence.

IV. (b) TUKU, TUKU!

Come, come, my little lambkins fine,
Come, my good old mother-ewe;
Evening is here, the bells are ringing,
'Tis time to go to rest.
My sweetheart in her silken gown
Let me wait in vain.
Ah! She will not come again
As the day is done,
Night decks the wide meadow
And I hear the owl's cry.

IV. (c) GIROMETTA

Who has fashioned the tiny slippers
That become thee so, Girometta,
That become thee so?

They were wrought by my beloved
Who adores me so, Girometta,
Who adores me so.

Chi t'ha fatto quelle calzette,
che ti stan sì ben, Girometta?
che ti stan sì ben?

Me l'ha fatte lo mio Amore,
che mi vol gran ben.

Who has woven the silken stockings
That become thee so, Girometta,
That become thee so?

They were wrought by my belovèd
Who loves me so, Girometta,
Who loves me so.
—(*Unknown poet of the 16th Century*)
English version by Deems Taylor.

IV. (d) IRISH LULLABY

I've found my bonny babe a nest on
slumber tree.
I'll rock you there to rosy rest astore
machree!
O lulla lo! sing all the leaves on slumber
tree
till everything that hurts or grieves afar
must flee.

I'd put my pretty child to float away
from me,
within the new moon's silver boat on
slumber sea.
And when your starry sail is o'er, from
slumber sea,
my precious one, you'll step ashore on
mother's knee.

IV. (e) WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBOURGH TOWN

'Twas within a mile of Edinborough town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloomed and the grass was
down.
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,
Kissed young Jenny making hay;
The lassie blushed and frowning cried,
"Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna,
Maunna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his
bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not
few,
She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside.
And vow'd she'd forever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At kirk she no more frowning cried,
"Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna,
Maunna buckle to."

IV. (f) "OH, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING"

Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling, the young chevalier.
'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young chevalier.
As he cam' marchin' up the street
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folks cam' runnin' out
To meet the chevalier!
Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads
And the young chevalier.
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young chevalier.

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SECOND RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

FOYER of the ACADEMY of MUSIC

Thursday Evening, March 5, 1925, at 8:15 o'clock

CARL FLESCH, *Violinist*
JOSEF HOFMANN, *Pianist*

PROGRAM

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN Sonata in C minor, Opus 30, No. 2,
1770-1827 for Piano and Violin

Allegro con brio
Adagio cantabile
Scherzo. Allegro.
Finale. Allegro.

Sonata in F major, Opus 24, for
Piano and Violin

Allegro.
Adagio molto espressivo.
Scherzo. Allegro molto.
Rondo. Allegro ma non troppo

Sonata in A major (Kreutzer Sonata),
Opus 47, for Piano and Violin

Adagio sostenuto—Presto.
Andante con variazioni
Finale. Presto.

The Piano is a Steinway

Local Direction: CONCERT MANAGEMENT ARTHUR JUDSON

The
CURTIS INSTITUTE of MUSIC
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

THIRD RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY
MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

FOYER of the ACADEMY of MUSIC

Thursday Evening, April 16, 1925, at 8.15 o'clock

HORACE BRITT, Violoncellist
CARLOS SALZEDO, Harpist

PROGRAM

- | | | |
|---------------|--|--|
| 1. *Sarabande | | Francois Couperin
1668-1733 |
| *Solfeggietto | | Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach
1714-1788 |
| *Giga (Jig) | | Arcangelo Corelli
1658-1713 |
| *Rigaudon | | Jean-Philippe Rameau
1683-1764 |

CARLOS SALZEDO

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|--------------|
| 2. Intermezzo | } From 'Cello Concerto | Edouard Lalo |
| Introduction et Rondo | | |
| HORACE BRITT | | |

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---|------------------|
| 3. En Bateau | | Claude Debussy |
| Le bon petit roi d'Yvetot | | Marcel Grandjany |
| Introspection | } | Carlos Salzedo |
| Mirage | | |
| Whirlwind | | |

CARLOS SALZEDO

- | | | | |
|------------------|------------------------------|-------------------|----------|
| 4. Langsam | } From "STUCKE IM VOLKSTON," | } Robert Schumann | |
| Nicht schnell | | | Opus 102 |
| Nicht zu schnell | | | |
| Menuet | | Claude Debussy | |
| Danse Espagnole | | Enrique Granados | |

HORACE BRITT

- | | | |
|-----------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 5. Sonata | Preludio-Allemanda | De Fesch
1695-1758 |
| | Sarabande | |
| | Menuet | |

HORACE BRITT and CARLOS SALZEDO

At the piano: Ruth Muzzy Conniston

Mr. Salzedo Uses the Lyon and Healy Harp Exclusively
The Piano is a Steinway

*Transcribed by Carlos Salzedo
*Transcribed by Marie Miller

Local Direction: CONCERT MANAGEMENT ARTHUR JUDSON

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

FIRST RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY
MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

EMANUEL ZETLIN, VIOLINIST

ELLIS CLARK HAMMANN, AT THE PIANO

FERRUCCIO BUSONI Concerto in D major, Opus 35

Allegro moderato Quasi andante Allegro impetuoso
Alla marcia, pomposo umoristico

MAX REGER Prelude and Fugue in G minor, Opus 117, No. 2

ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD . . . Suite "Much Ado About Nothing"

Mädchen im Brautgemach

Holzapfel und Schlehwein. (In the mood of
a grotesque funeral march)

Garten Szene

Mummenschanz (Hornpipe)

C. SAINT-SAËNS Havanaise

P. I. TSCHAIKOWSKY Valse Scherzo, Opus 34

The Piano is a Steinway

The Next Recital in this series will be given by Mr. Michael Press,
Violinist, on Monday evening, February 16.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

SECOND RECITAL IN A SERIES BY MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

MICHAEL PRESS, VIOLINIST

ISABELLA VENGEROVA, AT THE PIANO

TARTINI-KREISLER	Sonata in G minor ("Devil's Trill")
BACH-SILOTI	Concerto in E major Moderato Adagio Allegro moderato
C. F. HURLEBUSH (1690-1765)	} Arranged by MICHAEL PRESS	Adagio (Played from manuscript)
C. DAQUIN (1694-1772)	 Le Coucou
W. A. MOZART (1719-1787)	 Menuett
F. COUPERIN (1668-1733)		Les petits moulins a vent
R. SCHUMANN	} Arranged by MICHAEL PRESS	{ Aria Fragment
J. BRAHMS	 Intermezzo, Opus 76
R. WAGNER		{ Albumblatt Spinnerlied (Concert Paraphrase)
SAINT-SAËNS-YSAË	Caprice d'après l'Etude en forme de valse

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this Series will be given by Mr. Austin Conradi,
Pianist, on Wednesday evening, February 18.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

THIRD RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

AUSTIN CONRADI, PIANIST

- | | | |
|------------|-----------|---|
| BACH-LISZT | | Fantasia and Fugue in G minor |
| J. BRAHMS | , | Intermezzo in B flat, Opus 117, No. 2 |
| | | Intermezzo in A minor, Opus 118, No. 1 |
| | | Intermezzo in E flat minor, Opus 118, No. 6 |
| | | Capriccio in C major, Opus 76, No. 8 |
| F. CHOPIN | | Sonata in B flat minor |
| | | Grave (Doppio movimento) |
| | | Scherzo |
| | | Marche Funèbre |
| | | Finale |
| C. DEBUSSY | | Images (Première Série) |
| | | Reflets dans l'eau |
| | | Hommage à Rameau |
| | | Mouvement |
| M. RAVEL | | Pavane (Pour une Infante défunte) |
| | | Jeux d'eau |

Mr. Conradi uses a Baldwin Piano

The Steinway is the official piano of the Curtis Institute of Music

The next recital in this series will be given by Mr. Horatio Connell,
Baritone, on Tuesday evening, February 24.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

FOURTH RECITAL IN A SERIES BY MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

HORATIO CONNELL, BARITONE

ELLIS CLARK HAMMANN, AT THE PIANO

G. PAISIELLO (1741-1816) Nel cor piu non mi sento
C. MONTEVERDI (1567-1643) Lasciatemi morire
OLD ENGLISH (1613) "Here she her sacred bower adorns"

Reeitative and Aria:

G. F. HANDEL . . . "O ruddier than the cherry." From "Acis and Galatea"

R. SCHUMANN	{	Frühlingsgruss
			Der Schatzgräber
			Schmetterling
			Allnächtlich im Traume
R. STRAUSS		Heimliche Aufforderung

G. VERDI "Eri tu." From "The Masked Ball"

ELLIS CLARK HAMMANN Wanderer's Night Song

S. RACHMANINOFF Lilacs

M. MAYER	{	Dirge in the Woods
		 Raindrops

ROGER QUILTER Song of the Blackbird

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this series will be given by Mr. George F. Boyle,
Pianist, on Thursday evening, February 26.

NEL COR PIÙ NON MI SENTO

(In My Heart I Feel No More)

Translation

In my heart I feel no more
The brightness of youth.
Love, thou source of my torments.
Thine is the blame.
Thou dost prick and sting
And goad me,
And wear me away.
What? Have pity!
I am brought to despair.

LASCIATEMI MORIRE

(Let Me Die)

Translation

Oh, let me die! Whence do you wish me to
find comfort for my hard lot, for my bitter sorrow.
Oh, let me die!

HERE SHE HER SACRED BOWER ADORNS

Here she her sacred bower adorns.
The rivers clearly flow;
The groves and meadows swell with flowers.
The winds all gently blowe.
Her sun-like beauty shines so faire.
Her spring can never fade,
Who then can blame the life that strives
To harbour in her shade?
Her grace I sought, her love I wooed.
Her love though I obtaine,
No time, no toyle, no vow, no faith.
Her wished grace can gaine.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers.
And her will I adore;
And from that love when I depart.
Let Heav'n view me no more.

O RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble god has stabbed me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine!
Prop of thy godlike steps, I lay thee by!
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.
O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright than moonshine night.
Like kidlings, blithe and merry.
Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such lustre,
Yet hard to tame, as raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster.

FRÜHLINGSGRUSS

(Spring Greeting)

Translation

With greetings glad thy dawn we hail, lovely spring-
time!
Bright welcome smiles from all the land, lovely
springtime!
Beauteous springtime! all around echoes thy wel-
come in tuneful sound.
A thousand times thy smile we hail, lovely spring-
time!
Oh, stay thy steps within our vale, lovely spring-
time!
Make in every heart thy home, all things bright to
share thy smile will come.

DER SCHATZGRÄBER

(The Treasure Hunter)

When all the world was sleeping,
He sought in the night a cave.
Impatiently, deep in the mountain
For a gold treasure he sought.
The angel of Heaven was singing
Meanwhile in the calm of the night,
Like unto red eyes was piercing
The metal in the gloomy light.
"And wilt thou mine!
And grimmer dug he and grimmer dug!"
Then tumbled stones, rocks and boulders
Over the fool far below.
A scoffing laugh rebounded
Within the jumbled tomb
The angel's song resounded
Sorrowful in the gloom.

SCHMETTERLING

(The Butterfly)

Translation

O butterfly, speak, why shy and so meek?
Why fly then so hasty, now far and now near!
I'll do thee no harm, O have no alarm!
And were I a flower, so speak I to thee.
So speak I to thee! Come, come then to me!
I'll give thee my heart then, how good I'm to thee!

ALLNÄCHTLICH IM TRAUME

(All Night Long I'm Dreaming)

Translation

All night long I'm dreaming, love, of you,
And see you so smiling, hear you calling:
And then cry out in bitter pain,
Before you prostrate falling.
You gaze, love, at me longingly then.
Your blond head shaking, your gaze you lower,
And from your eyelids fall like rain
The tears, a pearly shower.
You whisper softly one word at morn,
And give me your wreath of pale cypress blossoms:
But I awake! and the wreath is gone.
The word, too, I've forgotten.

HEIMLICHE AUFFORDERUNG

(The Lover's Pledge)

Translation

Up, lift now the sparkling gold cup to the lip and drink!
 And leave not a drop in the goblet fill'd to the brink.
 And as thou dost pledge me, let thine eyes rest on me,
 Then I will respond to thy smile and gaze all silent on thee.
 Then let thy bright eyes wander around
 O'er the comrades gay and merry—
 O do not despise them, love;
 Nay! lift up the sparkling gold goblet and join the sway—
 Let them rejoice and be happy this festive day.
 But when thou hast drunk and eaten, no longer stay;
 Rise and turn thine eyes from the drinkers and hasten away!
 And wending thy steps to the garden, where blush the roses fair,
 Come—the sheltering arbour! I'll meet thee there,
 And soft on thy bosom resting let me adore
 Thy beauty, drink thy kisses as oft before—
 I'll twine around thy forehead the roses white—
 O come, thou wondrous, bliss-bestowing, longed-for night!
 JOHN BERNHOFF.

ERI TU

Translation

Up! arise! And thy son there do I allow thee to behold;
 In darkness and in silence there awhile thy shame and my dishonor hiding!
 But not on her, on yon fragile existence be my blow directed;
 Elsewhere I'll seek atonement to purge the stain from my honor, it is thy life blood!
 Ere long my vengeful dagger from thy base heart shall bid it flow;
 Retribution exacting for all my woe.

Is it thou who has sullied a soul so pure,
 In whose virtue my spirit delighted.
 Hast betray'd me, whose affection I deem'd so secure?
 Of my life thou hast poison'd the stream! Traitor vile!
 It is thus I'm requited, who the first in thy friendship, yea, the first in thy friendship did seem!
 O the grief for a joy now departed,
 For caresses that made life a heaven!
 When Adelia, an angel pure-hearted,
 In my arms lay transported with love!
 All is over; and hate's bitter leaven, and longing for death fill my torn, aching heart!
 O grief for joy departed!
 Hope supports me no more.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

High among the mountains is rest,
 The sun has fallen in the west,
 Scarcely a breeze, scarcely a breeze,
 The birds are silent in woodlands,
 The birds are silent in woodlands,
 Wait now and soon, wait now and soon,
 Thou shalt find rest, thou shalt find rest.

LILACS

Morning skies are aglow
 While the lilac trees blow,
 And I breathe of the fresh morning wind;
 By the shadowy pool.
 Where it's dewy and cool.
 I must see if my fortune I'll find.

Ah, of luck there's scant dole,
 Yet it's ev'ryone's goal,
 And my own lies out there in the dell;
 Hidden there all around
 Cluster'd lilacs are found,
 And my own little fortune, as well.

DIRGE IN WOODS

A wind sways the pines, and below
 Not a breath of wild air;
 Still as the mosses that glow
 On the flooring and over the lines
 Of the roots here and there.
 The pine tree drops its dead:
 They are quiet as under the sea.
 Overhead, overhead,
 Rushes life in a race,
 As the clouds the clouds chase;
 And we go,
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

RAINDROPS

The great rain is over,
 The little rain begun,
 Falling from the higher leaves,
 Bright in the sun,
 Down to the lower leaves,
 One drop by one.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

SONG OF THE BLACKBIRD

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
 The lark's is a clarion call,
 And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
 But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
 And we in the mad spring weather,
 We two have listened till he sang
 Our hearts and lips together.



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

FIFTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

GEORGE BOYLE, PIANIST

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| BACH-LISZT | Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor |
| BACH-BUSONI | Two organ choral preludes:
"Awake, the voice commands"
"Rejoice, beloved Christians" |
| GLUCK-BRAHMS | Gavotte |
| GEORGE BOYLE | Berceuse
Pierrot
Sonata in B major
Moderato, un poco maestoso - Poco piu allegro
Andante pensieroso, attacca
Allegro ma non troppo, quasi marziale |
| F. CHOPIN | Ballade in F minor, Opus 52
Lithuanian Song (Transcribed by Sgambati)
Polonaise in A flat, Opus 53 |

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this series will be given by Mlle. Berthe Bert,
Pianist, on Tuesday evening, March 10.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

SIXTH RECITAL IN A SERIES BY MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE
TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

BERTHE BERT, PIANIST

BACH-LISZT	Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor
J. RAMEAU	Gavotte pour les heures et les zephirs
F. COUPERIN	Tic-Toc-Choc
F. CHOPIN	Fantasie in F minor, Opus 49
		Three Etudes:
		Opus 10, No. 3
		Opus 25, No. 2
		Opus 10, No. 10
C. FRANCK	Prelude, Chorale and Fugue
C. DEBUSSY	Les Poissons d'Or
C. SAINT-SAËNS		Etude en forme de valse

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this Series will be given by Mme. Charles Cahier
Contralto, on Thursday evening, March 12



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

SEVENTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

Mme. CHARLES CAHIER, CONTRALTO

FRANK BIBB, AT THE PIANO

ROBERT SCHUMANN . . . Frauenliebe und Leben
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast Du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

HUGO WOLF

Geistliche Lieder . . . Herr, was tragt der Boden hier?
Nun, wand're, Maria

Secular Songs . . . Auf einer Wanderung
Auch kleine Dinge
In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Geh' Geliebter, geh' jetzt
Elfenlied

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this series will be given by Mr. Carl Flesch,
Violinist, on Wednesday evening, March 18.

FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN

SEIT ICH IHN GESEHEN

Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu sein.
Wo ich hin nur blicke, seh' ich ihn allein.
Wie im wachen Traume schwebt sein Bild mir vor.
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel heller, heller nur empor.
Sonst ist licht und farblos alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele nicht begehr' ich mehr.
Möchte lieber weinen still im Kämmerlein,
Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu sein.

ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen, wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge, heller Sinn und fester Muth.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe hell und herrlich jener Stern,
Also Er an meinem Himmel hell und herrlich, hehr und fern!
Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen, nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten, selig nur, und traurig sein.
Höre nicht mein stilles Beten, deinem Glücke nur geweiht,
Darfst mich nied're Magd nicht kennen, hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit, hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit.
Nur die Würdigste von Allen darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen viele tausendmal;
Will mich freuen dann und weinen, selig, selig bin ich dann.
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen, brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen, wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge, heller Sinn und fester Muth, wie so milde, wie so gut.

ICH KANN'S NICHT FASSEN, NICHT GLAUBEN

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt,
Wie hätt' er doch unter Allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?
Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein"
Mir war's ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein!
O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Thränen unendlicher Lust.
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt,
Wie hätt' er doch unter Allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt.

DU RING AN MEINEM FINGER

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an die Lippen, an das Herze mein.
Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Werth

SINCE MINE EYES HAVE SEEN HIM

Since mine eyes have seen him, as if blind I seem
When I gaze around me I see only him.
Ever thus his image does my day-dream fill,
Growing out of darkness, brighter, brighter beaming still.

But for him no ray of light would mark my way,
With my sisters gaily I no more can play.
In my lonely chamber I would weep and dream,
Since mine eyes have seen him, as if blind I seem.

HE, THE BEST OF ALL, THE NOBLEST

He, the best of all, the noblest, O, how gentle, O how kind!
Lips of sweetness, eyes of brightness, brave of heart and clear of mind.
As from boundless depths of azure bright and glorious shines yon star,
So shines he from out my heaven, bright and glorious, high and far.
Onward speed thy course exalted; far below as I remain,
On thy radiance humbly gazing, thrills my heart with joy and pain.
Know thou not, when for thy welfare low in silent prayer I bow;
I for thee am all too lowly, lofty star of glory thou, lofty star of glory thou!
'Tis alone the best, the worthiest by thy choice should favor'd be,
And a thousand times I'll bless her, who is thus belov'd by thee.
Shedding tears, altho' rejoicing, happy, happy then my lot;
E'en tho' my poor heart be broken, break, O heart, it matters not
He, the best of all, the noblest, O, how gentle, O, how kind!
Lips of sweetness, eyes of brightness, brave of heart and clear of mind.
O, how gentle! O, how kind!

I CAN NOT, DARE NOT BELIEVE IT

I can not, dare not believe it,
Ah, surely, 'tis but a dream.
For why should poor I be chosen,
Be blest and exalted by him?
Meseems as if he had spoken:
"I am for ever thine!"
Meseems as were I still dreaming,
Such bliss can never be mine,
Such bliss can never be mine!
O let me dream on his bosom
And dreaming so let me die;
Such rapturous death were welcome,
In tears of unending joy.
I can not, dare not believe it,
Ah, surely, 'tis but a dream.
For why should poor I be chosen,
Be blest and exalted by him?
I can not, dare not believe it,
Ah, surely, 'tis but a dream!

THE RING UPON MY FINGER

Thou ring upon my finger,
My beautiful ring of gold,
My lips on thee fervently linger,
And close the dear treasure to my heart I hold.
My childhood's dream had vanish'd,
A joyous dream serene and bright;
Alone I seem'd as if banish'd
To desolate regions of night.
Thou ring upon my finger,
Hast giv'n to glad thoughts a birth,
Forbiddest clouds to linger,
Transformest to rapture my life on earth

IN DEM SCHATTEN MEINER LOCKEN

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schief mir mein Geliebter ein;
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
Sorglich strahlt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe;
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schläfert den Liebsten ein;
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!
Hören muss ich, wie ihn gräme,
Dass er schmachtet schon so lange,
Wie ihm Leben gab' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange.
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein;
Weck ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein!

GEH', GELIEBTET

Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.
Leute geh'n schon durch die Gasse,
Und der Markt wird so belebt,
Dass der Morgen wohl, der blasse,
Schon die weissen Flügel hebt.
Und vor unsern Nachbarn bin ich
Bange, dass du Anstoss gibst;
Denn sie wissen nicht, wie innig
Ich dich lieb' und du mich liebst.
Drum Geliebter, geh' jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.
Wenn die Sonn am Himmel scheinend
Scheucht vom Feld die Perlen klar,
Muss auch ich die Perle weinend
Lassen, die mein Reichtum war.
Was als Tag den andern funktelt,
Meinen Augen dünkt es Nacht.
Da die Trennung bang mir dunkelt,
Wenn das Morgenrot erwacht.
Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.
Fliehe denn aus meinen Armen,
Denn versäumest in die Zeit,
Möchten für ein kurz Erwärmen
Wir vertauschen langes Leid.
Ist in Fegefeuers Qualen
Doch ein Tag schon auszustehn.
Wenn die Hoffnung fern in Strahlen
Lässt des Himmels Glorie seh'n.
Drum, Geliebter, geh' jetzt!
Sieh, der Morgen dämmert.

ELFENLIED

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief: "Elfe!"
Ein ganz kleines Elfen im Walde schlief wohl um
die Elfe!
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall.
Oder Silpelt hätt' ihm gerufen.
Reiht sich der Elf' die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflin war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also, tippe, tapp,
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm Licht an Licht.
"Was sind das helle Fensterlein?"
"Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
"Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treiben's in dem Saale,
"Da cuck'lich wohl ein wenig 'nein!"
Pfeif, stösst den Kopf an einen Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug? Gukuk!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug? Gukuk!
Gukuk! Gukuk! Gukuk!

IN THE SHADOW OF MY TRESSES

In the shadow of my tresses,
My beloved to sleep has gone.
Shall I wake him? Yes? Sleep on!
Every morn I comb my waving tresses
Just before the dawning;
But in vain; my care disdaining
Wild the winds my locks dishevel.
'Neath my tresses, wild and wind-tossed,
My beloved to sleep has gone.
Shall I wake him? Yes? Sleep on—
And I hear him fondly pleading
That his heart for me doth languish,
That his life's whole joy and anguish
In my sun-brown cheeks are beating;
And in sleep, his curse, he called me,
While by me at rest he lay:
Shall I wake him? Yes? Ah, nay!

GO, MY LOVED ONE, GO NOW!

Go my loved one, go now!
See the morn is breaking.
To and fro the folk are passing,
And the market place alive,
And the pale wings of the morning
Seem to warn us; day is nigh!
And I fear the neighbors chiding,
And their looks of scorn.
For they do know how deeply, thee
I love and for thee yearn!
So my loved one, go now
See the morn is breaking—
When the sun in Heaven shining
Melts the crystal, pearly dew.
Must thy crystal tear-drops,
Softly falling, melt my heart anew?
Tho' the sun's bright rays are beaming,
Day to me is darkest night,
For I dread the hour of parting
At the dawn of morning bright!
Go, my loved one, go now.
See, the morn is dawning.
Flee then, flee mine arms, love!
Thou already it is morn—
Shall these fleeting hours of rapture,
End in deepest grief and scorn?
Then the tortures of the parting
Are for us the sweetest pain,
When our heart's sweet hope returning,
Opens Heaven's Gates again!
So, my loved one, go now!
See the morn is breaking.

ELFIN-SONG

"Elev'n o'clock" the watch-man cries "hear me!"
Asleep in the woods quite a wee elf lies in fright
up starts he.
He knew not whence that loud sound came,
He thought the nightingale called his name,
Or that Silpelt might have required him.
The little elf then rubs his eyes
And from his couch he doth arise,
He goes about quite drunk with sleep
And hardly can his balance keep,
He wanders softly on tiptoe
Through brushwood to the vale below,
Then gently to a wall he creeps
And at the glowworms there he peeps.
Their windows shine so clear and bright,
"It seems a wedding's there tonight:
"I hear the children are singing
"With mirth their voices ringing,
"If I look in what harm is done?"
Oh, his poor head did strike a stone!
Poor elf, say, will that now do? Cuckoo!
Poor elf, say, will that now do? Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

NUN HAST DU MIR DEN ERSTEN SCHMERZ GETHAN

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan, der
aber traf.
Du schliefst, du kaiser, unbarmherz' ger Mann, den
Todesschlaf.
Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin, die Welt ist
leer, ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin nicht lebend
mehr.
Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn'res still zurück, der
Schleier fällt,
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlor'nes Glück, du
meine Welt!

HERR, WAS TRÄGT DER BODEN HIER

Herr, was trägt der Boden hier,
Den du trankst so bitterlich?
"Dornen, liebes Herz, für mich,
Und für dich der Blumen Zier."
Ach, wo solche Bäche rinnen,
Wird ein Garten da gedeihn?
"Ja, und wisse; Kranzelein,
Gar verschied'ne flieht man drinnen."
O, mein Herr, zu wessen Zier
Windet man die Kränze? Sprich!
"Die von Dornen sind für mich,
Die von Blumen reich' ich dir."

NUN WAND'RE, MARIA

(Der heilige Joseph singt:)

Nun wand're, Maria, nun wand're nur fort,
Schon krähen die Hähne, und nah ist der Ort.
Nun wand're, Geliebte, du Kleinod mein,
Und balde wir werden in Bethlehem sein.
Dann ruhest du fein und schlummerst dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne und nah ist der Ort.
Wohl sel' ich, Herrin, die Kraft dir schwinden;
Kann deine Schmerzen, ach, kaum verwinden,
Getrost! wohl finden wir Herberg dort;
Schon krähen die Hähne, und nah ist der Ort.
Wär' erst bestanden dein stündlein, Marie.
Die gute Botschaft, gut lohnt' ich sie.
Das Eselchen hie gäh' ich drum fort!
Schon krähen die Hähnen, komm! nah ist der Ort.

AUF EINER WANDERUNG

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret' ich ein,
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendsehn.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor hinweg,
Hört man Goldzlockentöne schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Dass die Blüten beben,
Dass die Lüfte leben,
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.
Lang hielt ich stannend, lustbekommen.
Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht,
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so leicht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach,
Wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle,
Ich bin wie trunken, irr' geführt,
O Muse, Du hast mein Herz herührt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

AUCH KLEINE DINGE

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können theuer sein.
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken:
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht,
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wiest.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME THOU HAST GIV'N ME PAIN

Now for the first time thou hast giv'n me pain, Ah,
and so sore!
Thou sleepest, cruel, uncompass'nate man, to wake
no more.
Before me, all forsaken where I bow, the world's
a void, a void;
I lov'd and liv'd for thee alone, and now my life's
destroy'd.
I silently withdraw within my breast, the veil doth
fall;
There I have thee and ev'ry joy I lost, O thou,
mine all!

LORD, WHAT DOES THE SOIL HERE BEAR?

Lord what does the soil here bear,
Which thou wast rest with thy tears?
"Thorns, dear Heart, for me it bears,
And for thee its blossoms fair."
Lord, where streams of tears are flowing,
Will e'er blossoms deck the heath?
"Yes, and hear that many a wreath,
Will be twined beyond man's knowing."
Tell me, Lord, for whom they twine
All these wreaths and garlands! speak!
"Those of thorns they twine for me
Those of flowers I give to thee."

COME, MARY, TAKE COMFORT

(The holy Joseph sings)

Come, Mary, take comfort, now quicken thy pace,
The cock crows for morning, and near is the place.
Now hasten, my dear one, my love's best crown,
We soon shall set foot in far Bethlehem's town.
And there shalt thou rest and sleep a space:
The cocks crow for morning, and near is the place.
Well know I, Lady, thy strength doth languish;
Scarce art thou able to bear thine anguish.
Take heart! Our path we shall surely trace;
Cocks crow for morning, and near is the place.
When comes thine hour of deliv'rance, Marie,
The blessed tidings well paid shall be!
The ass that I ride, I'd give with grace!
The cocks crow for morning, come! near is the
place.

ON MY WANDERINGS

To a quaint little town I one day go,
Where the setting sun casts a rosy glow.
What dulcet strains the winds are bringing
From yonder window half concealed by flow'rs,
As if bells of pure gold were ringing,
And a sweet voice, like song of nightingales doth
seem,
All the blossoms thrilling,
Air with rapture filling,
And with blushes of a deeper red the roses gleam.
List'ning enchanted, long I lingered,
Till from the town I found, I'd wandered,
How I got there, I know not quite.
Oh, world, how art thou bright tonight!
The sky with wondrous purple fire is burning,
In golden haze the town doth lie;
How swift the brook doth rush,
The mill-wheels fast are turning,
My head is swimming, joy un-told!
Oh gold-ess, thou dost my heart enfold in loving
ecstasy.

EVEN LITTLE THINGS

E'en little things can yield us perfect pleasure,
E'en little things may be supremely dear.
Reflect, how precious are the pearls we treasure;
Tho' great their worth, how small do they appear.
Bethink, how small the olive is in size,
Which for its flavor rare we highly prize.
How small a thing the rose with heart aglow,
Yet how divine its fragrance, as ye know.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden verklärt mich,
Und finden verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an die Lippen, an das Herze mein!

HELFT MIR, IHR SCHWESTERN

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, freundlich mich
schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir.
Windet geschäftig mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrthe Zier.

Als ich befriedigt, freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Gelichten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er, Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, helft mir verschrecken
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter, du mir erschienen?
Giehst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht, lass mich in Demuth,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern, streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern, grüss' ich mit Wehmuth,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

SÜSSER FREUND, DU BLICKEST

Süsser Freund, du blickst mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen, wie ich weinen kann;
Dass der feuchten Perlen ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern in dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen, wie so wonnevoll!
Wusst' ich nur mit Worten, wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und hieg dein Antlitz hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern alle meine Lust.

Wusstest du nun die Thränen, die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen, du geliebter, geliebter
Mann?

Bleib an meinem Herzen, fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester nur dich drücken mag,
Fest und fester!

Hier an meinem Bette hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen, wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildniß mir entgegen lacht
Dein Bildniß!

AN MEINEM HERZEN, AN MEINER BRUST

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt,
Nur die da saugt, nur die da liebt das Kind,
Dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.
O wie belaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

And I'll live for him and near him,
Will always his remain,
To serve him, to bless and to cheer him,
His glance of approval to gain, his approval gain.

Thou ring upon my finger,
My beautiful ring of gold,
My lips on thee fervently linger,
And close the dear treasure to my heart I hold!

HELP ME, OH SISTERS

Help me, oh sisters, fondly adorn me,
Deck today the rejoicing bride,
Lightly entwine ye over my forehead
Now the blooming myrtle's pride.

While so contented, so happy hearted,
I lie in the arms of my love I lay,
Still he would sigh, with heart full of longing,
Fain to hasten this tardy day.

Help me, oh sisters, help me to banish
Foolish fears that my heart annoy,
That with unclouded eyes I may welcome
Him, the fountain of all my joy.

Oh, my beloved, now art thou near me?
Giv'st me thy radiance, thou, my Sun?
Let me in meekness, lowly devotion,
Bend me before thee, thou lordly one!

Scatter, ye sisters, flowers before him,
Strew him fresh rosebuds with dainty art;
Yet, oh my sisters, sadly I greet ye,
Thou' in joy from your hand I part,
Thou' in joy from your hand I part.

SWEET MY FRIEND, THOU VIEWEST

Sweet my friend, thou viewest me in fond amaze,
Canst not guess, why mine is now a tearful gaze!
Let the rare adornment, pearly drops, delay,
Gladly, brightly quiv'ring in mine eye today.

How in fear my bosom, how in joy, doth swell!
Had I words to tell thee what I fain would tell!
Come and hide thy face, love, here upon my breast,
In thine ear I'll whisper all my sweet unrest.

Now dost know the reason why the tears so ran?
Should I hide them from thee, thou beloved,
beloved man?

Stay upon my bosom, feel my beating heart,
Let me close and closer press thee where thou art,
Close and closer!

Here my bedside shall the cradle well beseem,
Where in silence it may guard my blissful dream;
Then will come the morning when my dream shall
wake,

And therein thine image all my joy partake,
Thine image!

HERE ON MY BOSOM, HERE ON MY HEART

Here on my bosom, here on my heart,
My only treasure, my joy thou art!
Delight is in loving, and love is delight,
That I have said, and ne'er will deny't.

I once had thought my joy too fond,
Now my delight's all dreams beyond.
She only loves, she who has fed
Her child from nature's fountainhead.

Only a mother knows alone
What bliss in love a heart may own.
How pitiful are men, I trow,
Who ne'er a mother's joys can know!

Thou darling, darling angel mine,
How sweet are thy smiles, thy gazes divine!
Here on my bosom, here on my heart,
My only treasure, my joy thou art!

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

EIGHTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

CARL FLESCH, VIOLINIST

HARRY KAUFMAN, AT THE PIANO

J. S. BACH Sonata (for violin alone)

Adagio

Fuga

Siciliano

Presto

T. DOBROWEN Mélodie Hébraïque

F. FIORILLO Caprice

CHOPIN-WILHELMJ Nocturne, Opus 2, No. 2

C. SAINT-SAËNS Havanaise

N. PAGANINI Concerto in D major

First part (Cadenza by Carl Flesch)

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this series will be given by Mme. Isabella Vengerova,
Pianist, on Monday evening, March 23.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

NINTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

ISABELLA VENGEROVA, PIANIST

GLUCK-SGAMBATI . . .	Melodie
W. A. MOZART . . .	Larghetto
RAMEAU-GODOWSKY . . .	Tambourin
F. CHOPIN	Nocturne, Opus 27, No. 1 Valse, Opus 64, No. 2 Opus 70, No. 1 Etudes, Opus 25, No. 9 Opus 10, No. 3 Opus 10, No. 7 Mazurka, Opus 33, No. 4 Scherzo in C minor
R. SCHUMANN	Carneval Preambule, Pierrot, Arlequin, Valse noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Sphinxes, Papillons, Lettres dansantes, Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Valse allemande, Paganini, Aveu, Promenade, Pause, Marche des Davidsbündler contre les Philistins
A. Scriabine	Etude, Opus 2
S. Rachmaninoff	Prelude, Opus 32, No. 12
F. Liszt	"Mephisto" Valse

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this series will be given by Mr. Sacha Jacobinoff,
Violinist, on Thursday evening, March 26.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

TENTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

JOSEF HOFMANN, PIANIST

L. VAN BEETHOVEN Sonata Appassionata
Allegro assai
Andante con moto
Allegro ma non troppo

F. MENDELSSOHN Scherzo in E minor

JOSEF HOFMANN Theme, Variations and Fugue

F. CHOPIN { Barcarolle
Nocturne in E flat, Opus 55, No. 2
Valse in A flat, Opus 34, No. 1
Ballade in F minor

F. LISZT { Funerailles
Liebestraum
La Campanella

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this Series will be given by Mr. Sacha Jacobinoff
Violinist, on Thursday evening, March 26.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

ELEVENTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

SACHA JACOBINOFF, VIOLINIST

ELLIS CLARK HAMMANN, AT THE PIANO

- | | | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------------------------|
| R. STRAUSS | . | . | . | . | . | Sonata in E flat, Opus 18 |
| | | | | | | Allegro ma non troppo |
| | | | | | | Improvisation - Andante cantabile |
| | | | | | | Finale - Allegro |
| | | | | | | For piano and violin |
| A. D'AMBROSIO | . | . | . | . | . | Concerto in B minor |
| | | | | | | Moderato |
| | | | | | | Andante - Lento |
| | | | | | | Finale - Allegro |
| C. DEBUSSY | . | . | . | . | . | En Bateau |
| M. RAVEL | . | . | . | . | . | Habanera |
| P. SARASATE | . | . | . | . | . | Spanish Dance |
| SCHUMANN-AUER | . | . | . | . | . | Vogel als Prophet |
| BRAHMS-JOACHIM | . | . | . | . | . | Hungarian Dance |

The Piano is a Steinway

The next recital in this Series will be given by Mr. Frank Gittelson,
Violinist, on Thursday evening, April 2.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

TWELFTH RECITAL IN A SERIES BY MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

FRANK GITTELSON, VIOLINIST

ASSISTED BY AUSTIN CONRADI, PIANIST
ELLIS CLARK HAMMANN, ACCOMPANIST

ERNEST BLOCH	Sonata for Piano and Violin Agitato Molto quieto Moderato
W. A. MOZART	Concerto in D major Allegro Andante cantabile Rondeau
F. KREISLER	Polichinelle
MENDELSSOHN-KREISLER	Song without Words
COUPERIN-KREISLER	La Precieuse
F. KREISLER	Liebesfreud

Mr. Conradi uses the Baldwin Piano
The Steinway is the Official Piano of the Curtis Institute of Music

The next recital in this series will be given by Mr. Michel Penha,
Violoncellist, on Tuesday evening, April 21.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

THIRTEENTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

DAVID SAPERTON, PIANIST

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| F. CHOPIN | Four Preludes, Opus 28
C minor, G major
F major, D minor
Ballade in A flat, Opus 47 |
| KAROL SZYMANOWSKI | Sonata in A, Opus 21
Allegro assai (Molto appassionato)
Allegretto tranquillo
Allegretto scherzando e capriccioso—
Tempo di Sarabanda—Tempo di Minuetto con moto pomposo—Scherzando subito—Molto energico—Allegro molto impetuoso, con gran forza—Appassionato ed impetuoso—Furioso—Largo—Moderato—Sempre accelerando e crescendo—Precipitando—Attacca la Fuga
Allegro moderato—Poco scherzando e capriccioso
Molto deciso—Tumultuoso—Poco meno allegro; grandioso ed imponente—Ancora meno allegro—Maestoso |
| M. RAVEL | Jeux d'Eau |
| ALBENIZ-GODOWSKY | Triana
(Unpublished manuscript) |
| CHOPIN-GODOWSKY | Etude in E flat minor, Opus 10, No. 6
(For left hand alone) |
| STRAUSS-GODOWSKY | Künstlerleben |

The Official Piano of the Curtis Institute is a Steinway

The next recital in this Series will be given by Mr. George Boyle, Pianist and Mr. Frank Gittelson, Violinist, on Wednesday evening, May 6.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

FOURTEENTH RECITAL

IN A SERIES BY
MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY
IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 6, 1925, AT 8.15 O'CLOCK

GEORGE BOYLE, PIANIST
FRANK GITTELSON, VIOLINIST

- | | | |
|----------------|-----------|----------------------------------|
| CLAUDE DEBUSSY | | Sonata for violin and piano |
| | | Allegro vivo |
| | | Fantasque et léger |
| | | Très animé |
| GEORGE BOYLE | | Sonata for viola and piano |
| | | Lento assai—Moderato ma energico |
| | | Andante tranquillo |
| | | Allegretto con spirito |
| CÉSAR FRANCK | | Sonata for violin and piano |
| | | Allegretto ben moderato |
| | | Allegro |
| | | Ben moderato |
| | | Allegretto poco mosso |

The Official Piano of the Curtis Institute is a Steinway

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THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

FIRST STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

Students under Mr. Boyle

BACH-BUSONI . . . Concerto in D minor, for piano and orchestra
First movement
(Orchestral part played on a second piano)
RUTH SHUFRO STRAUSS

W. A. MOZART . . . Concerto in D major, for piano and orchestra
First movement (Cadenza by Reinecke)
(Orchestral part played on a second piano)
SAUL WACHANSKY

W. A. MOZART . . . Fantasia in C minor
I. PADEREWSKI . . . Caprice in the style of Scarlatti
FRANKLIN KEBOCH

L. VAN BEETHOVEN . . . Rondo in G major
J. BRAHMS . . . Rhapsody in G minor
ABRAHAM KRUPNICK

E. GRIEG . . . { Salon
"From early days"
SARAH FREEDMAN

F. LISZT . . . Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 8
ETHEL M. PAGET

The second students' concert will take place Wednesday afternoon,
March 11, at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

SECOND STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 11, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

Students under Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Conradi

G. DONIZETTI . . .	Una Furtiva Lagrima	} For tenor
F. FLÖTOW . . .	"M'Appari"	

HERMAN MAKRUZEN

W. A. MOZART . . .	Recitative and Aria from "Figaro"	} For soprano
X. LEROUX . . .	Le Nil (Violin obligato played by Helen Hall)	

ELIZABETH BARRINGER

F. LISZT	Sonetto 47 del Petrarca	For piano
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MARION PETTEE

G. PERGOLESI . . .	Nina	} For tenor
F. MENDELSSOHN . .	Recitative and Aria from "Elijah"	

ALFRED LAURIA

F. LISZT	Les Cloches de Genève	For piano
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ALICE NICHOLS

G. F. HANDEL . . .	"Come My Beloved"	} For soprano
A. THOMAS . . .	"Connais tu le Pays?"	
MRS. H. H. A. BEACH	"The Year's at the Spring"	

VIRGINIA GILL

F. MENDELSSOHN . .	Song without Words in G major	} For piano
F. LISZT	Waldesrauschen	

CATHERINE MORGAN

JOHN IRELAND . . .	"Remember"	} For baritone
F. MENDELSSOHN	"It is Enough" from "Elijah"	

CARL DITON

The third students' concert will take place Monday afternoon,
March 16, at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

THIRD STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

MONDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 16, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

Students under Mr. Boyle in Piano and Mr. Svecenski in Ensemble

J. HAYDN . Quartet in G major, Opus 77, No. 1

Allegro moderato

Adagio

SCHIMA KAUFMAN

HELEN HALL

STELLARIO GIACOBBE

LOUISA KNOWLTON

C. DEBUSSY . { Jardins sous la pluie
Soirées dans Granade } For piano
F. CHOPIN . Etude in A minor, Opus 25, No. 11 }

RUTH SHUFRO STRAUSS

F. MENDELSSOHN Quintet in B flat major, Opus 87

(For 2 violins, 2 violas and cello)

Allegro vivace

JACOB SAVITT

ISO BRISELLI

STELLARIO GIACOBBE

HELEN HALL

LOUISA KNOWLTON

The fourth students' concert will take place Wednesday afternoon,
March 18, at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

FOURTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 18, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

Students under Mlle. Bert and Mr. Fenha

F. CHOPIN Impromptu in F sharp major, Opus 36 For piano

HELEN A. MEEKER

W.A. MOZART Concerto in D minor

Allegro

(With the accompaniment of a second piano)

C. DEBUSSY Cathédrale Engloutie

MARY BINNEY MONTGOMERY

R. STRAUSS Sonata for Violoncello and Piano

Allegro con brio

Andante ma non troppo

Allegro vivo

LOUISA KNOWLTON

Mrs. GEORGE F. BOYLE (Instructor of piano in the
Preparatory Department)

R. SCHUMANN "In the Night" from "The Fantasiestucke"

A. CHABRIER Scherzo -- Valse

HELENE WOLFF

F. CHOPIN Ballade in E minor, Opus 23

HERMIONE MONTANYE

The fifth students' concert will take place Wednesday afternoon,
March 25, at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

FIFTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 25, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

Students under Mr. Flesch

P. NARDINI Concerto in E minor

Allegro moderato

Andante cantabile

Allegretto giocoso

JACOB SAVITT

E. CHAUSSON Poème

NINA WULFE

H. VIEUXTEMPS Concerto in D minor

Allegro moderato

Adagio religioso

Scherzo

ISO BRISELLI

The sixth students' concert will take place Friday afternoon, March 27,
at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

SIXTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 27, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. SALZEDO

JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU *Rigaudon
(1683-1764)

CARLOS SALZEDO Prélude intime, No. 5
MARION BLANKENSHIP

ARCANGELO CORELLI *Giga (Jig)
(1658-1713)

CARLOS SALZEDO Prélude intime, No. 2
LOUISE REINHARDT

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH *Bourrée
(1685-1750)

CARLOS SALZEDO Quietude
FLORENCE SHAFFNER

JOSEF HAYDN *Theme and Variations
(1732-1809)

CARLOS SALZEDO Prélude intime, No. 3
THELMA SNYDER

JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU *Tambourin
(1683-1764)

CARLOS SALZEDO Iridescence
EMILY HEPLER

FRANCOIS COUPERIN *Sarabande
(1668-1733)

KARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH **Solfeggiotto
(1714-1788)

CARLOS SALZEDO Mirage
BLANCHE HUBBARD

JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU . . . *Gavotte from "Le Temple de la Gloire"
(1683-1764)

CARLOS SALZEDO Introspection

CARLOS SALZEDO Whirlwind
FLORENCE WIGHTMAN

*Transcribed by Carlos Salzedo

**Transcribed by Marie Miller

(Lyon and Healy Harps)

The seventh students' concert will take place Wednesday afternoon,
April 1, at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

SEVENTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. FLESCH

H. VIEUXTEMPS Concerto in E major
Second and third parts

BELLA KATZ

C. SAINT-SAËNS Havanaise

JUDITH POSKA

E. LALO Symphonie espagnole
Fourth and fifth parts

LOIS PUTLITZ

H. W. ERNST Concerto in F sharp minor

MAX SEENOFSKY

The eighth students' concert will take place Saturday morning, April 4,
at 11:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

EIGHTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1925, AT 11:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MME. CAHIER

L. MILILOITTE	Cade la sera	} for Soprano
G. B. PERGOLESI	"Se tu m'ami"	
F. SCHUBERT	"Du bist die Ruh"	
AMY L. PHILLIPS			

W. A. MOZART	Pamina's Air from "The Magic Flute"	} for Soprano
C. CHAMINADE	Été.	
ADA MARGUERITE FISCHER		

P. I. TSCHAIKOWSKY . . "Wie wer die Sehnsucht kennt" for Contralto
LOUISE ARNOLD BELCHER

G. PUCCINI Vissi d'Arte from "La Tosca" for Soprano
VIRGINIA JANE AARONSON

CROATIAN FOLKSONG for Soprano
LJUBICA SCHEIBER

R. SCHUMANN Die Lotosblume for Contralto
RACHEL P. WHITMER

C. W. GLUCK . . . Divinités du Stryx from "Alceste" for Contralto
EDITH FRANTZ MILLS

G. DONIZETTI . Una furtiva lagrima from "L'Elisir d'Amore" for Tenor
DAVID FINKELSTEIN

The ninth students' concert will take place Tuesday afternoon,
April 7, at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

NINTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE
TUESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 7, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. FLESCH

E. W. KORNGOLD Suite for Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing"
 In the Bridal Chamber
 Patrol March (A grotesque funeral march)
 Intermezzo (Garden Scene)
 Hornpipe

CLAIRE CASTEN

J. S. BACH . Chaconne for violin alone

DOROTHY F. HODGE

MAX BRUCH . Concerto in G minor
 First and second parts

ISO BRISELLI

The tenth students' concert will take place Thursday afternoon, April 23, at 4:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

TENTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 23, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MME. VENGEROVA

W. A. MOZART Fantasie in D minor
F. MENDELSSOHN Etude in C flat minor

SARAH ELIZABETH VAN BUSKIRK

F. LACHNER Prelude and Toccata
E. SCHÜTT Canzonetta in D major
H. REINHOLD Impromptu in C sharp minor

BELLA BRAVERMAN

F. MENDELSSOHN Prelude and Fugue in E minor

ELIZABETH STACKHOUSE

R. SCHUMANN Faschingsschwank
First movement
F. CHOPIN Impromptu in A flat major

MURIEL B. HODGE

E. MACDOWELL Sonata Tragica
First movement

ELEANOR L. FIELDS

F. LISZT Concerto in E flat major

XENIA NAZAREVITCH

The eleventh students' concert will take place Monday afternoon,
April 27, at 4:30 o'clock.



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

ELEVENTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

MONDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 27, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. SAPERTON

J. S. BACH . . . Two Three-Part Inventions

ELOISE A. ROBERTS

R. SCHUMANN . . . Papillons

DAVID RABINOWITZ

L. VAN BEETHOVEN . . . Sonata, Opus 57

Allegro assai

ABRAM SHEFTER

C. FRANCK . . . Prelude, Choral and Fugue

CHARLES DEMAREST

R. SCHUMANN . . . Romance, Opus 28, No. 1

F. CHOPIN . . . Etudes, Opus 25, Nos. 1 and 2

JOSEPH RUBANOFF

J. BRAHMS . . . Intermezzo in E flat minor, Opus 118, No. 6

B. GODARD . . . En Route

ELOISE A. ROBERTS

S. RACHMANINOFF . . . Prelude in G minor

ABRAM SHEFTER

The twelfth students' concert will take place Wednesday afternoon,
April 29, at 4:30 o'clock.



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

TWELFTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 29, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. GITTELSON AND MR. PENHA

W. A. MOZART Concerto in D major For violin
Allegro
Andante cantabile
Rondo - Allegro

GABRIEL BRAVERMAN

B. ROMBERG Concerto in E minor For violoncello
Allegro
Andante

CHARLES HENDERSON, JR.

C. SAINT-SAËNS Concerto in B major For violin
Allegro non troppo
Andantino quasi allegretto
Molto moderato - Allegro non troppo

MAX SEENOFKY

The thirteenth students' concert will take place Monday afternoon, May 4, at 4:30 o'clock.



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

THIRTEENTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

MONDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 4, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. CONNELL

L. REICHARDT "In the Time of Roses"

F. MENDELSSOHN "Lift Thine Eyes"

THE MISSES BEATES, GREGG, HORMELL,
LOCKHART, ROBERTS, WESTON, WOLF,
AND WORRELL } For chorus

R. FRANZ . . . Dedication }
F. SCHUBERT . . . "Who is Sylvia?" } For soprano

JENNIE WOLF

L. LUZZI . . . Ave Marie }
S. DONAUDY . . . Spirate pur, spirate } For soprano

ESTHER WESTON

R. WAGNER . . . "The Star of Eve" from "Tannhäuser" }
R. SCHUMANN . . . Ich grolle nicht } For baritone

SIMEON GOREMICA

J. BRAHMS . . . Sappische Ode }
E. GRIEG . . . Boat Song } For contralto

FRANCES Y. GREGG

J. HAYDN . . . { The Spirit's Song
 { "My Mother bids me bind my hair" } For soprano

DOROTHY LOCKHART

The Official Piano of the Curtis Institute is a Steinway

The fourteenth students' concert will take place Friday afternoon,
May 8, at 4:30 o'clock.



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

FOURTEENTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 8, 1925, AT 4:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. PRESS

A. VIVALDI . . . Concerto in A minor

Allegro

Largo

Presto

RALPH ROSE, JR.

W. A. MOZART . . . Concerto in G major, No. 3

Allegro

Adagio

Rondeau—Allegro

PAUL GERSHMAN

W. A. MOZART . . . Concerto in D major, No. 4

Allegro

Andante cantabile

Rondeau—Andante grazioso

RALPH ROSE, JR.

W. A. MOZART . . . Concerto in A major, No. 5

Adagio—Allegro aperto

Adagio

Rondeau—Tempo di minuetto—Allegro

E. GERTRUDE ROSEN

J. S. BACH . . . Concerto in D minor, No. 3 For two violins

Vivace

Largo ma non tanto

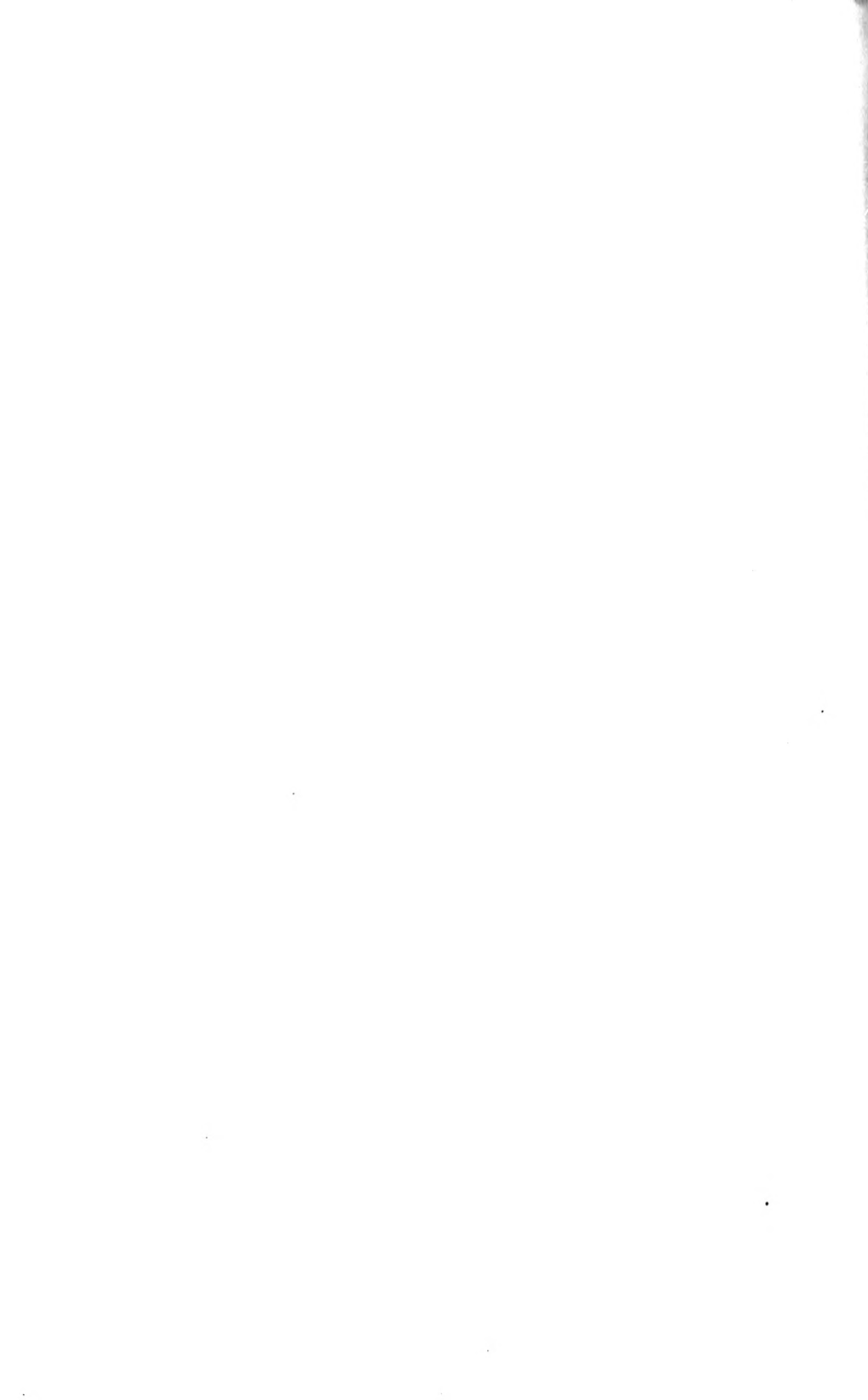
Allegro

PAUL GERSHMAN

RALPH ROSE, JR.

The Official Piano of the Curtis Institute is a Steinway

The fifteenth students' concert will take place Saturday evening, May 9, at 8:15 o'clock.



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

FIFTEENTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1925, AT 8:15 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MME. SEMBRICH

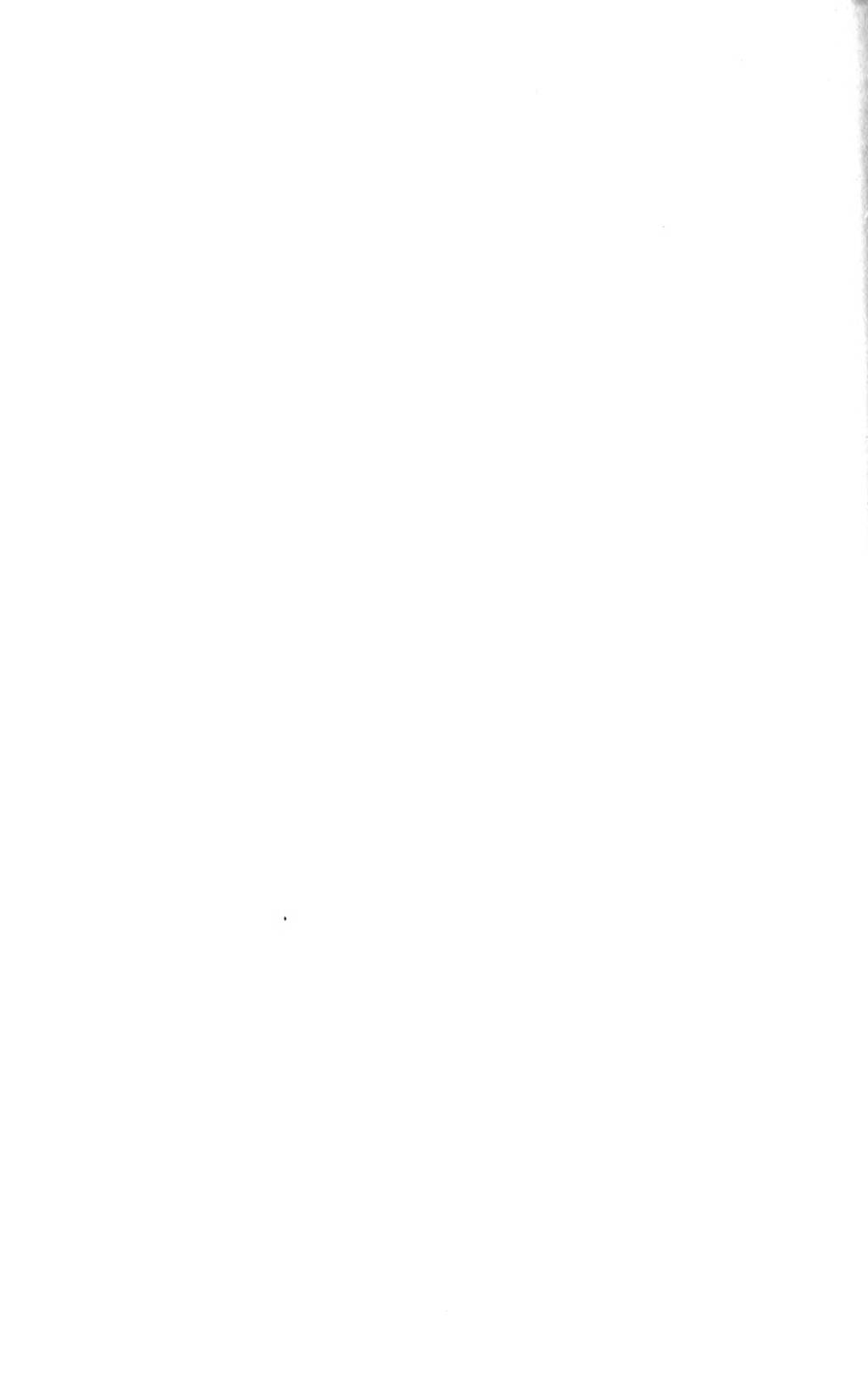
DAGMAR RYBNER, AT THE PIANO

A. SCARLATTI	Sole del Gange	
A. CALDARA	Sebben crudele	
G. CARISSIMI	Vittoria	
FLORENCE KINGSLAND		
RUSSIAN	Folk Songs	
ROSA KAPLAN		
OLD ENGLISH	{ Phyllis Mary of Allendale The Slighted Swain	
VIRGINIA GARDINER		
P. I. TSCHAIKOWSKY		"Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt"
G. B. PERGOLESI	"Se tu m'amì"	
EDWARD HORSMAN	Bird of the Wilderness	
CAROLYN ALLINGHAM		
W. A. MOZART	Batti, batti	
J. HAYDN	Mermaid Song	
OLD ENGLISH	Pastoral	
ELIZABETH MURPHY		
J. HAYDN	"With Verdure Clad" from "The Creation"	
W. A. MOZART	Alleluia	
ROBERT HUNTINGTON TERRY	"The Answer"	
ETHEL RIGHTER WILSON		
W. A. MOZART	"Dove sono" from "The Marriage of Figaro"	
OLD ENGLISH	"My Lovely Celia"	
CHARLES DENSMORE	The Spring Fancy	
ELSA MEISKEY		
G. F. HANDEL	"Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre"	
G. SARTI	Lungi dal caro bene	
S. DONAUDY	Spirate, pur spirate	
DAGMAR RYBNER	Pierrot	
C. GOUNOD	Waltz Song from "Romeo and Juliet"	
LOUISE LERCH		
F. HUMMEL	Hallelujah	
E. GRIEG	Ein Traum	
V. STAUB	L'Heure Delicieuse	
RICHARD HAGEMAN	"At the Well"	

HELEN BUCHANAN HITNER

The Official Piano of the Curtis Institute is a Steinway

The sixteenth students' concert will take place Saturday morning,
May 16, at 11:30 o'clock.



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

SIXTEENTH STUDENTS' CONCERT

IN THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1925, AT 11:30 O'CLOCK

STUDENTS UNDER MR. BRITT

G. F. HANDEL (1685-1759) . . . Sonata in G minor, Opus 11, No. 2
(For 2 violins, cello and piano)
Andante
Allegro

GABRIEL BRAVERMAN
RALPH ROSE, Jr.
JOSEPH VETERE
JOSEPH RUBANOFF

J. B. LOEILLET (1653-1728) . . . Sonata in B minor
(For violin, cello and piano)
Largo
Allegro

MAX ARONOFF
DAVID FREED
FRANKLIN KEOCH

A. STRADELLA (17th Century) . . . Aria di Chiesa
(For 3 cellos)

DAVID FREED
FRANCIS GIANINI
JOSEPH DI MAIO

W. A. MOZART (1756-1791) . . . Quartet in G minor
(For piano, violin, viola and cello)
Allegro

MARION RAPP
PAUL GERSHMAN
WALTER VIOHL
DAVID FREED



THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT CONCERT

BY STUDENTS IN PIANO

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 3, 1925, AT 4:15 O'CLOCK

Bobolink	KROGMAN
RHODA WEITZENFELD	
The May Queen	SCHMIDT
FREDERICK ENYEART RADCLIFFE	
Two Songs	BACH
HARRIET M. FLEISHER	
The Dance of the Mice	POLDINI
HORACE M. ROBINSON	
Serenade	CHAMINADE
PHYLLIS M. GREISLER	
The Wind in the Pines	DUTTON
ELINOR SCHLOSS	
Sonatina in F major	BEETHOVEN
ELEANOR LIEBERMAN	
In a Moorish Garden	ENGLEMAN
LUCY RIVELIS	
Petite Scène de Ballet	SCHUETT
HELEN CARPENTER WILLIAMS	
Larghetto } for Violoncello {	HANDEL
Bourrée }	SQUIRE
DAVID FREED	
Curious Story	HELLER
MABEL MEEHAN	
Sonatina in G major	KUHLAU
EVELYN DI PUPPO	
Poupée Valsante	POLDINI
FRANCIS LEISTER	
Last Two Movements from the Sonata in A major	MOZART
VIRGINIA CHEESMAN	

The next students' concert in the Preparatory Department will take place Saturday afternoon, April 4, at 3:30 o'clock.

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT CONCERT

BY STUDENTS IN PIANO

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 4, 1925, AT 3:30 O'CLOCK

Twelve Variations on a Russian Theme	BEETHOVEN
SUSANNA KESSLER	
Two English Folk-Songs	
Two Russian Folk-Songs	
SOLOMON KAPLAN	
The Elf's Story	ARMSTRONG
FREMA TUTELMAN	
Sonatina in G major	BEETHOVEN
JANE THOMAS WILLIAMS	
Polonaise	KULLAK
ROSALIE YERKES	
Andante	SCHUMANN
GRACE ELIZABETH PARLIN	
March of the Dwarfs	GRIEG
ROBERT NEILL PIERCE	
Arabesque	DEBUSSY
MRS. URSULA G. CURD	
The Doll's Waltz	POLDINI
ANNA ROSA DE RIVAS	
Song Without Words in A minor	MENDELSSOHN
The Butterfly	GRIEG
DOROTHY KERN	
Lithuanian Song	CHOPIN-SGAMBATI
MARY CARROLL ROLIN	
Nocturne in F sharp major	CHOPIN
Air de Ballet	MOSZKOWSKI
MARION PETERS RAPP	

